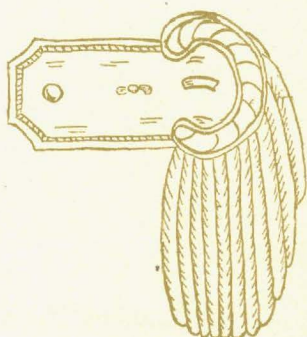
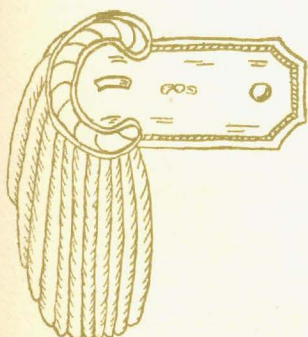


The EPAULET



*Not Words, but Thoughts and the Manner of
Expressing Them Make Literature*



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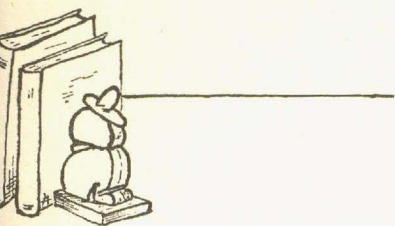
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Perfection

By

CAROL ANDERSON

God gave me sight only to see
The beauty and grace of every tree.
For I have watched the tall, straight pine
And wished its knowledge could be mine.
Its roots are hugging the sweet, dark earth
Oh, would that I held so much of worth!
A tree is growing up in prayer,
Her strength and beauty radiant there.
Would that God could make me be
As strong, as perfect, as a tree.



A Message From The Co-Editors

THROUGH the past year we have tried to give you, our readers, some memories of college life—the little incidents which are not often recorded, and the seldom-seen side of the big events which are milestones in each college year.

This year has been a very full one. We have had many hilarious times together and more, perhaps, than the usual number of sober ones, but each will be remembered in the years to come as an ever dearer part of college days.

If you have laughed with us a little and thrilled just slightly to some well-worded phrase, then we are rewarded many times for what we have tried to give you. On behalf of the entire staff we wish to thank you for your cooperation in contributing to and patronizing **THE EPAULET**. Whether you are finishing school this term or returning, our wish for all of you is the best of luck always.

THE CO-EDITORS.

Confessions of a Leaf

By

LOUISE POPE

I saw them as they stood there.
I heard each word they said.
The golden-haired one moved so close
I could have touched her head.

Their hands were twined together
Beneath the dazzling sun.
'Twas plain she was enchanted with
The words of the dark-haired one.

They vowed to love forever,
Through warm days and through cold.
That promise knew two seasons,
And then the tale was told.

When winter's challenge sounded,
They could not meet her call.
For hearts change as the leaves do
And wither in the fall.

Soon icy breezes laughed at
Their initials carved to last.
My days came to an end, like theirs;
I fluttered to the grass.

The Return

By

VIRGINIA OQUIST

THIS day was different from all others. There was a hazy, shimmering, redness to the sky, and a hushed, breezeless heaviness in the air, just as there is before a storm. There was that ominous sensation of waiting, but for what? The birds knew it. They weren't flitting about as they had yesterday, and there was only an occasional twitter from the oak in the back yard.

There was life in the humble little cottage, life within the heart of Liza. She felt it welling up inside her, like a secret. She knew why this was a special day. It had to be. "Johnny's a-comin' home. He said so. Today I'll see him. Today I'll see him." A hundred times she had repeated it to herself. Her old, wrinkled head bobbing with the rhythm of it.

Her eyes still bright, still shining with hope, she hobbled to the white, squeaking gate close to the Old Road, and stood there. Her tired hands shaded her eyes, and she searched, looking down the rut-filled road. She was still leaning against the latch when Bill Tully jogged by in his ancient hay-wagon, the back wheels swaying dizzily on their unsteady axle.

"Howdy, Liza," drawled Bill, as he drew the horses to a lazy standstill. "Thet grandson o'yourn comin' today?"

"I've been waitin', Bill," Liza answered a little sadly. "He's comin', I

know he is." She dropped her head, and added softly, "I've been waitin' so long."

"He's comin', Liza—ain't no fear of that." He tried to be reassuring, but he knew Johnny was late. He couldn't bear to see Liza's anxiety and yet her faith in believing he'd come. He waved, told her not to worry, and clicked his tongue at the nags to moved on.

The old lady rested one hand on the gate, and with the other she drew her brown shawl over her shoulders a little closer. The chilly air of September was penetrating.

"When is Johnny comin'?" she said half aloud. "I'm all he's got now, since his mother and father, bless their souls, have died. He'll come to see me today. He said so. He'll be comin' any minute now." Her hand faltered at her throat.

Farther on down the road, Bill Tully mused. "Poor Liza, I feel for the poor woman." He sat slouched in the narrow seat of the wagon, and his whip was resting carelessly across his back. He never would use the whip. "Just to tease the nags," he'd always say. "I wonder why none of us have the heart to tell her," he thought. "Why can't I go by tomorrow and tell her that Johnny ain't never comin' back—that he's dead, and that she's all alone and she'll never see Johnny again." Yet he knew why he never could say it, why he never could endure the defenseless hurt and dis-

belief in her eyes. He wasn't man enough to see her falter, and look up for reassurance that Johnny was coming back.

He could see her now, still standing at the gate, waiting, praying, never doubting. Hadn't he seen her that very same way, her eyes always turned toward the setting sun, searching for him, for six days, now? It was seven days since she had received word from Johnny that he was coming home soon. That next day the telegram came, saying that he was dead. Only she didn't know about that. Bill, as the telegraph man, broke the precedent of his eternally loyal service, by not delivering that one telegram.

Bill Tully plodded down to the field, the nags stumbling over the bogs, the

wagon careening from side to side in a lazy manner.

"Yep," said Bill, "I'll just have to tell Liza Brown that Johnny ain't never comin' back. She's never goin' to see him again. He'll never come."

But back at the little cottage Liza was still waiting. It was getting darker now, yet around her still was that feeling that something wonderful was about to happen. She felt a new hope, the hushed stillness settled around her once again, and her heart was lighter. She lifted up her head and her eyes were young again. She almost ran to the cottage door. "I knew it," she cried. "Johnny's comin' back!"

She was right. Bill Tully learned of her death the next day when he came to tell her about Johnny.



Revelation

By

ANN S. THOMAS

Night raised
Her veil of stars,
Shook from pearly shoulders
Her darkest robe, and stood revealed
As Dawn.

Your Betsy

By

GRACE TOBLER

THE countryside flew by. The train wheels rolled monotonously on and around. They seemed to say, almost ominously, "You're going home, you're going home. To see her, to see her. You're going home to see her. You're going home to see her."

Tex Randall leaned back in his seat and tried to relax, but the tension had settled through every fiber of his body. He tingled with nervous excitement, while a vague, sickening sense of hopelessness pervaded his whole being.

"You're a fool," a voice within him said. "Why should the world, or Betsy, care about *you*. You've done your job now. You're not a great big Marine with medals any longer. You're just a guy—without an arm—something to be pitied, something for old ladies to cry over, while you stand by and take it. Yes, take it all over again. Just as you did in Guadalcanal, and then in New Guinea. Are you actually fool enough to believe that you can become a part of this world again—that wonderful place, which you *were* a part of, not so very long ago? While you were out there sweating, seeing bodies ripped open, swearing at the mud and mosquitoes—out there where all the days ran together and there was no sense to time—the world went on, as usual. Life was the same here. Oh, yes, there were headlines, and rationing, and uniforms;

but there were still happiness and beauty and home. While they went on living, you merely existed."

Tex shifted nervously in his seat, gritting his teeth, trying to shut out the mocking words that pounded in his brain. Now was the time to read Betsy's letter. She had written it just after he had told her that he was coming home—without an arm. He had told her that he certainly didn't expect her to marry him now; that nobody so beautiful and perfect as Betsy could be expected to live the rest of her life with something half alive. And she had written back, enclosing the unopened letter he now held in his hand, and telling him only to open it after he was on the train, homeward.

His hand trembled as he fumbled with the letter, trying to get it open.

"Here, let me help you," the "kind" woman next to him offered, as she easily slit the envelope open. He flushed, as once again he was reminded of his own helplessness. It was with him always.

"Dearest Tex," it began. "You're coming home at last. The day I've dreamed of, for so many weeks and months, is really coming true. Although I can't possibly realize completely what you're feeling now, I believe I can understand just a little of what you're thinking. You probably believe that things here at home have changed, that I've changed—that we've all gone on

living while you stopped. Yes, some things have changed, Tex. There are new books, new buildings, new places and people, new discoveries. But those aren't the things that really matter. The things like church on Sunday, the smell of autumn leaves burning, the park where we used to walk so often, being able to say what we think and being governed by those that we believe are best, the stars and the moon, and my loving you. They're all still the same. They always will be, for those are the only things that ever *really are*. And you should be so proud, Tex, for you have kept those things for us—for *me*.

"It will be so wonderful to be together again, Tex. You can still write, just as you always did, only this time I'll be able to help you. You can tell me what you want to say, and I'll write it down. There's just one thing, though, when you become a very famous sports writer, I'm going to demand some credit, too!

"And so, Tex, I'll be waiting for you—we all will, and thanking you from the bottom of our hearts, knowing that you have done something for us that we'll never be able to repay.

"And so you see, I'm still, and always will be,
YOUR BETSY."



Greenwood Church

By

CAROL ANDERSON

I dare not believe that bricks or stone
Make the truest house of God,
For in the greenwood I am blessed
By the sky, and sweet, dank sod.
It isn't the stone, but the sky,
It isn't the brick, but the sod;
For man cannot build a temple as great
As the heaven-wrought temple of God.

Ladies In the Dark

By

MARIAN BUTLER

"LIGHTS OUT!" One usually imagines when one hears that familiar cry, that all lights are turned out, and M. W. C. goes to bed. But we "ladies in the dark" know better. Let's just look into one of the rooms around 11:10 p. m. and see what's going on.

Ann (singing): "Oh, what a beautiful evening——"

Sally: "Keep quiet! Do you want the hall monitor to know we're up?"

Ann (still singing, now in operatic style): "As if she didn't know!"

Gloria: "Hey, who took my tooth paste? Come on tell me or I'll turn the lights on."

Sally: "Keep your voice down; it's right in the middle of the shelf and look out for my glass." (Loud crash as glass drops to the floor.)

Gloria: "What do you have to keep your glass there for? Now don't walk around and I'll clean it up in the morning."

Ann (singing): "A wandering roommate I, with glass beneath my feet."

Gloria: "Ann, do you have to start that at a time like this?" (She starts toward the table.)

Sally (in an agonized voice): "Gloria, look out for me! (Gloria trips over Sally.) Why don't you look where you're going? First thing you know

there won't be anything left of me to measure, then how'll I ever pass this course?"

Gloria: "Well, if you will lay your sawdust right out where everybody can trip over it, what do you expect?"

Ann: "Now what did I do with my curlers?"

Sally: "You're not going to start splashing water all over the place at this time of night, are you?"

Ann: "Yes, and you're going to be the soggiest doll in the whole class tomorrow."

Sally: "I give up—you just can't reduce in peace around here." (She gets up and starts toward her bed, knocking the clothes rack over on the way.)

Gloria: "Aw, my best white blouse!"

Sally: "I'm sorry, 'Glor,' it fell against the chair, so it probably isn't dirty." (Sally crawls into bed after setting the rack up again.)

Ann: "Aaa—I just spilled water all over my pajamas. . . . Gloria, do you have an extra curler? Mine's broken."

Gloria (fishing in the dresser drawer): "No, but here are a couple of bobbie pins."

Ann (sticking the pins into her mouth for safe keeping as she combs more water through her hair): "Thanks."

Gloria: "Sally, what'd you do with my hair brush when you cleaned the dresser?"

Sally (sleepily): "Put it right back where it was."

Gloria (knocking over a couple of pictures and half a dozen lipsticks): "Oh, here it is. I thought it was the cold cream."

Voice from the hall: "Will you kids please get in bed?"

(Gloria retires to brush her hair in bed, while Ann fumbles for a kerchief to cover her head. Five minutes later they are just about asleep.)

Sally: "I have an idea—let's start for bed at 10:30 tomorrow night."

Other two: "Oh, keep quiet!"



Dreaming

By

EMILY LYNCH

There's a windswept valley and a meadow white,
There's a whippoorwill's call on the wind of night,
There is sometimes sorrow, and always joy,
To dwell in the dream of a sailor boy.

A pounding wave and the sea's white foam
And the same blue sky there is at home;
A secret thought, then a secret smile
And there is peace for a little while.

Going Home

By

OLIVINE RITCHEY

AFTER nearly four years of living far from my Idaho paradise, I was at last on my way back to the place I call home. Many questions were tumbling through my mind. Would it look the same to me, or had my memories become rose-colored, as people say memories have a habit of doing? Would my home, the small, white farmhouse, with its vine-covered porch, and the hundred acres of farmland around it, the neighboring farms, and all that world walled off by the majestic Rocky Mountain ranges, be as my mind pictured it—the loveliest spot in the world? Or would I find that it seemed small and mediocre, after seeing so many other magnificent worlds hundreds of miles away? There was the mystic world of the shimmering Cœur d'Alene Lake and pine-clad mountains in northern Idaho to consider. Could anything surpass the world seen from the cloud-kissed top of Mt. Spokane, where from all sides one can see, far below, jewel-like lakes set in blue and green and purple wooded landscape, which fades into the distant horizon? The world near Tacoma, Washington, closed in by thick, tall, proud pines forbidding far-off gazing except upward into the infinite blue sky; and the world of the Oregon shores, where the playful Pacific licks its sandy toes; what of them? What affect had it had on me, that dusky underworld found in the

giant Redwood Forest in northern California, where brave, dazzling shafts of light pierce through only here and there, and insignificant man becomes a miniature intruder? The world of water, ships, and romantic San Francisco seen from the monument to man's skill, the Golden Gate Bridge; the world of the hot, odorous vineyards; the world of Long Beach; the land of play and the home of the Pacific Fleet; could they ever change my opinions of my home? The world I knew so well in the shipyard, where my free moments from the office were spent in watching A. P. A.'s and Victory ships grow from the cradle in the ways to the berth in the outfitting docks, from giant, skeleton frames into serene living things filled with throbbing engine-hearts and vast stomachs, and topped with revolving gun turrets; such a world of mechanism might make a quiet countryside seem dull. The world of spacious Los Angeles, with its fairy-tale city, Hollywood; the world of peace at Mt. Baldy and Lake Gregory, which seemed a miniature facsimile of my beloved northern mountains; with all these, and many more pictures, stamped forever in my brain, would this new sight of my oldest world be disappointing?

While my mind was thus occupied with questions, my eyes were eagerly straining to catch sight of familiar landmarks. It wouldn't be long now! My

body was tense as we topped the hill overlooking "Boise the Beautiful." There was the city before me nestling at the foot of the mountains, the dome of the capitol shining white above the trees, the low bridges arching gracefully over the Boise River. This was no disappointment. The trees were as green; the air was as crisp; the people were the same mixture of farm and city folk as I remembered them.

It was fall, and as I passed through the countryside I saw farmers taking in their harvests of wheat and corn and potatoes. The golden and brown patchwork of fields rolled by till at last my valley lay before me. It was the same peaceful, open country, and the same mountains rose in the southwest beyond a break in the landscape, where I knew the adventuresome Snake River made its way through deep, colorful, mysterious gorges, and wide, fertile valleys.

The same man stood smiling behind the counter of the little country drug store, where every evening friends and neighbors gathered to talk over the events of their day, the events of the world, and—an added note—the news

of their servicemen. My old friends welcomed me, and the newer people stared at the stranger in their midst. Children had grown till I scarcely recognized them. And yet, the people as a whole were the same friendly, inquisitive folks that I had known.

The air was clean and pure. A gentle breeze slyly gathered white clouds into a dark mass that covered the sky, and after a short, refreshing rain, scattered them again and the sun shone on a gleaming world.

The ruffled ribbons of clouds above the western mountains were painted red, orange, golden, and finally, gray and blue by the retreating sun. Colorful sunsets as these I had seldom found elsewhere and I gazed with wonder at this old beauty, ever new.

Yes, it was the same homeland where I had been raised, but I was not the same. My mind would never again doubt the lasting beauty and peace of that valley, nor would that place ever seem to shrink in size, no matter how great the beauty of other places I should see, nor how far my life's travels should carry me.



Thoughts From a Window

By

EMILY LYNCH

It smells so good, the spring.
The soft and pungent
Odor of the grass
Is carried by a lowly
Singing breeze,
Which gently moves about
Among the leaves,
And here, outside my window,
Lovely, pure,
Stately in its bloom
The mock-orange sends its fragrance
Of a rare perfume,
To kindle up the dying hours ;
To give the world once more
The faith and love of spring
Which shall endure.

To a Star at Setting

By

ALICE LYNCH

Oh, shining light
So recently departed from the sky,
May thy beams of understanding
Shed their depth and feeling
Through this world,
Enveloping the thoughts of those
Who now remain.
Thou hast conquered in thy shining
And again upon thy setting.
The sky is darker for thy passing,
But thy light will linger
Until all ages shall remember
That their peace is from thy starting ;
That thy gleam was not in vain.

Waterboys

A Treatise on Stuart Chase's *Democracy Under Pressure*

By

ELLEN BONO

STUART CHASE in a dynamism of concern for the future of Democracies, whips together interminable facts in a desperate attempt to shock the American public out of its lethargy and into action. *Democracy Under Pressure* is a plea in exposé; an entreaty to the millions of passive American citizens to wake up in stark realization to the danger of the Me First Pressure Boys. Ask the American youths what lobbies are; ask them what a political whip is and the majority of them will open saucer eyes with timid stares to say, "We don't know." But this same uninterested majority will present a vastly different picture when, from hungry slavery, they cry to the Big Three for justice and *Status Quo* and free enterprise and the Big Three comes back with, "Let them eat caviar."

What is this "Big Three" that it is so powerful? It is the high protective tariffs, pressed by industrial magnates, that milk the rest of the people and murder little business; the Waterloo of progress; the death of patents. It is Big Business.

It is the indispensable Union; the sit-down strike; the jealously guarded craft secrets pushing down industrial progress. Inventions are made and stayed by Big Labor.

It is "Vote for me and by hook or by crook, linsey-woolsey will become supra-marginal." Homespun Agriculture plays the big stakes, too.

Big Business, Big Labor, Big Agriculture live together in antagonistic-cooperation, spinning the roulette of Big Government; attempting to pile high their own odds in complete indifference to the tremendous sacrifice of public welfare; working for a high unit price as opposed to high production.

Self-motivated by the profit-making theme of production, the Big Three corner and try to force favorable legislation through Congress. And they do a good job of it. They keep prices high through the "protective" tariff, by restriction of output, by monopoly, and, most harmful of all, through the establishment of Cartels and the consequent dividing of the world into economically controlled markets. They whip their Congressmen into line, and those who try to stand alone for public welfare fail to be re-elected. They drown public clear-thinking in high-pressured abstracts such as "The American Way," "Public Interests," "Spirit of Our Forefathers," "Unconstitutional."

Their unnamed strategies are as efficient as blackmail and should be as illegal.

Samples of conflicting interests will

throw some light on the motives behind lobbying for legislature. Unions want closed shop; business wants to do away with unions, but will stop with the open shop of the yellow dog variety. Labor wants high wages; capital wants large profits. Agriculture thinks it is a good idea for Congress to buy up surplus produce. Nobody wants the OPA. Everybody thinks the federal budget should balance and that is an impossibility. If it did balance, Big Agriculture would step in for higher parities. If there were any surplus, Big Business would claim that Congress was out for profit. When it is in the red, everybody complains and then does his level best to destroy its credit. The little man is left out of all of this. If he wants to, he may sit on the sideline and pull for the winner; but as for joining teams, he may do so if he'll be waterboy.

The baldest illustration of the Me First fights that Stuart Chase can think of was the "Pain and Beauty Boys" struggling to kill the Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act. The obnoxious lack of responsibility to the public, saturated with rotten moves to smother public interests, spurs an anger that even the dullest wit cannot fail to be aware of. The hideousness of the thing reached the apex when doctors (who sported big red and silver M. D. metal circles on their automobiles that permitted them to speed through red lights to serve the community) threw in every trump they had to block the bill. Their efforts were without effect.

Little by little Stuart Chase attacks the whole structure of American domestic economy. He discloses the ex-

ploitations of the Big Three and then proceeds to acknowledge that we cannot operate without them (witness a natural monopoly such as a telephone or electric power company); nor can they expect to operate without one another as they seem to believe. So far, it has been impossible to convince the Big Three that all three parts are needed to complete the triangle. If they would become convinced that they can live together in economic compatability, their danger to the public stability would be 90 per cent nil. But we must control them. We can control them. We can use them to the advantage of an American society and ultimately to the welfare of the whole world. Public opinion is a powerful detriment when it is once established. Public opinion gave us the Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act. It backed the Child Labor Laws and enforces universal education. Some day it will settle the racial problem in the United States. The monkey wrench that may prove fatal is the unconcerned attitude of the people. *En masse* the public is not only unconcerned, but it is unwilling to change to new ways. It still thinks it can march out to "Give me liberty or give me death", and get liberty. It is beginning, blinkingly, to realize that the impetuous Twentieth Century is a fast-moving, realistic world that left dreams and dogmas behind at the turn of the century. We're ready for a change. If we weren't ripe for a change, none would come. With every election the Pressure Boys are growing stronger. Holding executive offices are men who no longer carry the interest of the public first, last and

always; and, if they are all-out for the public, then the Big Three distorts the public viewpoint with highly emotional stratgetic bandwagon niceties that would confuse even the clearest thinker. The politician is forced to hop with the whip. We must hold onto our hats, plant our feet surely on solid facts, and educate the youth of our country to deal actively with economic problems. The pearl of a country, the promise of its future, and the complement to its past is that country's youth.

Scale for youth a yardstick with graduations in truth and facts and you have armed your country's government against Totalitarianism, Socialism, Communism, or any of the evil "isms"

that the future might evolve. Teach them that being a citizen in our government means more than sitting around and enjoying its privileges. It means active participation in law-making.

It is easy to see why Stuart Chase is the most widely read author on economic subjects. He administers an entirely objective viewpoint and then crowns it with ideas and means for taking active measures to avoid the catastrophe that awaits passive resistance. His subtle humor pervades his lines and startles the reader out of satire into sarcasm. Stuart Chase is on the outside looking in and is getting an all-round viewpoint of the Me First Pressure Boys.



Summer

By

EMILY LYNCH

When summer rains have cooled the air
And taken from the earth the glare
That lingers, after days of sun
Leave it dry and pattern run;
There softly comes a summer breeze
To whisper secrets to the trees;
To make them laugh, and dry their eyes,
To sweep the clouds out of the skies;
Then, blinking brightly, comes the sun
And the cycle is again begun.

Song of My Heart

By

CAROL ANDERSON

Spring challenging my spirit
Gives rise to new birth,
New life, new form of beauty;
And deep within me my heart
Answering is like a final
Blessing of the life we know
On earth.

I turn my glance from somber,
Mournful clime of winter;
My life is cleansed by
Bright warm rain.
And thus, ever will it be—
We change from dark to light
And live again!

Each in His Own Tongue

By

CAROL ANDERSON

EDUCATION is essentially good; one should, if possible, use it to whatever advantage the day affords. Believing in this I employ it in every day's need, just as one dutifully attends arduous classes for rudimentary learning. Education has little value, at least until we can give it back to others—which surprises them and sometimes even ourselves.

Willard is an entertainment in itself—partly because it is a freshman dormitory, but mostly because "incidents" just happen there that ordinarily would never be conceived in the conventional environs of Ball or Westmoreland. One speaks to everyone, and is greeted in return; one expects friendliness, and is startlingly overwhelmed by it.

The stairway leading to the basement was crowded with "frosh" just returning from supper; each was talking

rapidly, excitedly, and my ears detected not a syllable that sounded familiar. I rejoiced in the thought of these Spanish-speaking students, and wanted so much to speak with them in their own tongue. Preceding them, however, a cat came up the stairs flourishing a noble—well, almost aristocratic tail. Therein lies my story.

Waiting to receive the girls at the top of the stairs, I smiled, pointed at the cat, and presuming my friends to be Puerto Ricans doubtfully asked, "El gato or la gata?" All four of them stared back at me dumbly. Again I tried, a bit wavering, "El gato or la gata?" Finally comprehension beamed in the eyes of one who smiled sympathetically at me and remarked as she headed for the upper floor, "I don't know. It's an *ally* cat, I guess."

Dumbfoundedly I resolved never to try my impotent Spanish again.

What's the Matter With College?

By

PRUDENCE BURCHARD

DO college girls think? If they don't, why don't they? If their ideas are wrong, whose fault is it? What do we learn in college? What good does it do? Today there are more girls in college than ever before. Is that a good thing? Should women be educated? Is there any value in a liberal arts course?

Odd questions from a college student? Perhaps, but the time comes when even a scatter-brained bobby-sockser has to start thinking in terms of living and not of playing. We come to college for diverse reasons. Some girls are marking time until husbands or fiancés come home; some are just filling in time until something better comes along; a few are here to learn. That is the outlook of the freshman class entering college. If the senior class graduates with the same ideas, something is wrong. Is the college of today prepared to make girls think?

The answer from me would be a resounding "*No!*". Why should we live for week-ends alone? We aren't the children of yesterday—we are the women of tomorrow. Our grandmothers were taught the fundamentals of home management. That was their job. They started learning while they were children. By the time they married in their early teens, they were trained and capable of managing a house, a husband, and children.

Today even that is denied us. We

can't run a house because we have not been taught how to do it. Anyone watching a mother with her first child realizes that the art of caring for a baby is learned. Hormones may arouse a maternal instinct, but teaching and experience determine the channels which it follows.

If the college or business school graduate has little or no practical training for the job she wants most, what does she have in its place? An annual is no compensation for years of preparation which lead up a blind alley. College years are a treasured memory for all of us. College is a time of care-free joy. We know—we have read it in books; we have had it told us by parents, teachers, and friends. Are we wrong then to believe it?

It seems to me that a college education should offer more than that. It should provide an education in politics, government, law—the things with which we will cope in the next few years. It should give us more debates and forums. It should give us the opportunity to ask questions and receive answers which would lead to more questions. It should teach us to evaluate and reason for ourselves.

The forums at Mary Washington are a step in the right direction, but there should be more of them. Students went to the first because it counted for fifty pages of parallel reading in history. The amount of enthusiasm was

not recorded with the grade. It made no difference to the professor if one were bored. The interest shown, the fact that a classroom was too small and an auditorium had to be used, should prove that we *do* think about these problems.

The point then would appear to be—what do we think? From the superiority of a college degree and several years seniority, some professors seem to forget that most students can vote by the time they graduate. They are adults, and yet who would know it? Adulthood isn't an age, but a state of mind. If the mind is still in an unformulated, adolescent stage, of what good is a college degree? A piece of paper does not prove an education.

One professor's classic remark, "You American girls, you are so beautiful, but you are so dumb," is half flattery, half truth. Probably no one in the college would like it turned around, but is there an unwritten law which says we have to be both beautiful and dumb? That leaves many of us in the uncomfortable position of being neither.

When the war is over and the normal pattern is resumed, girls will leave colleges, regardless of degrees, to begin living. Will they take with them into their own homes the ability to live, or will the divorce ratio of one out of every three marriages climb even higher?

Talk to the girls on campus now—those who are married, those engaged, and those waiting for the right man. They aren't thinking in terms of divorce—they are thinking in terms of children and silver wedding anniversaries. Where, then, do the broken marriages

start? Permanence and the right to build for the future are the aims for which American youth is fighting. We have a poor heritage on which to build. We were born in a world recovering from one war; we were brought up during a depression; and we reached adolescence looking forward to a new, more horrible war. The promise was fulfilled. The next depression will be our depression. The marks of it will be on our children.

It is not a pleasant picture. It is not one we look at lightly. We don't joke about what our responsibilities will be. If our attitude is flippant, it is to cover fear. The problems of peace are our problems. Is it too much to ask that college should teach us to deal with these problems?

We came to college feeling almost "grown up." We don't feel that way now. We came to college feeling that we would achieve something. We felt we would learn about the things we were too young to understand in high school. For many the reality has been a disappointment. What we learn is a continuation of our high school studies. We are not yet considered adult enough to have state, national, and international problems presented in even simplified forms. We are still wrapped in cotton wool and protected from the world.

Science is wonderful, but until it can perfect a serum to awaken adult understanding of even the smallest personal problems (and who can say that these are not the most important?), it is up to the college to provide for guidance to maturity.

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